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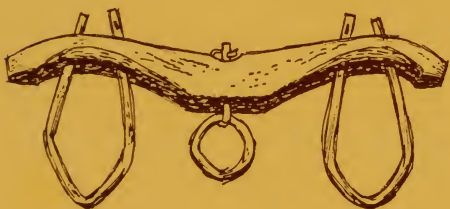
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Allan, Dorothy C.

A birthday present for
Lincoln

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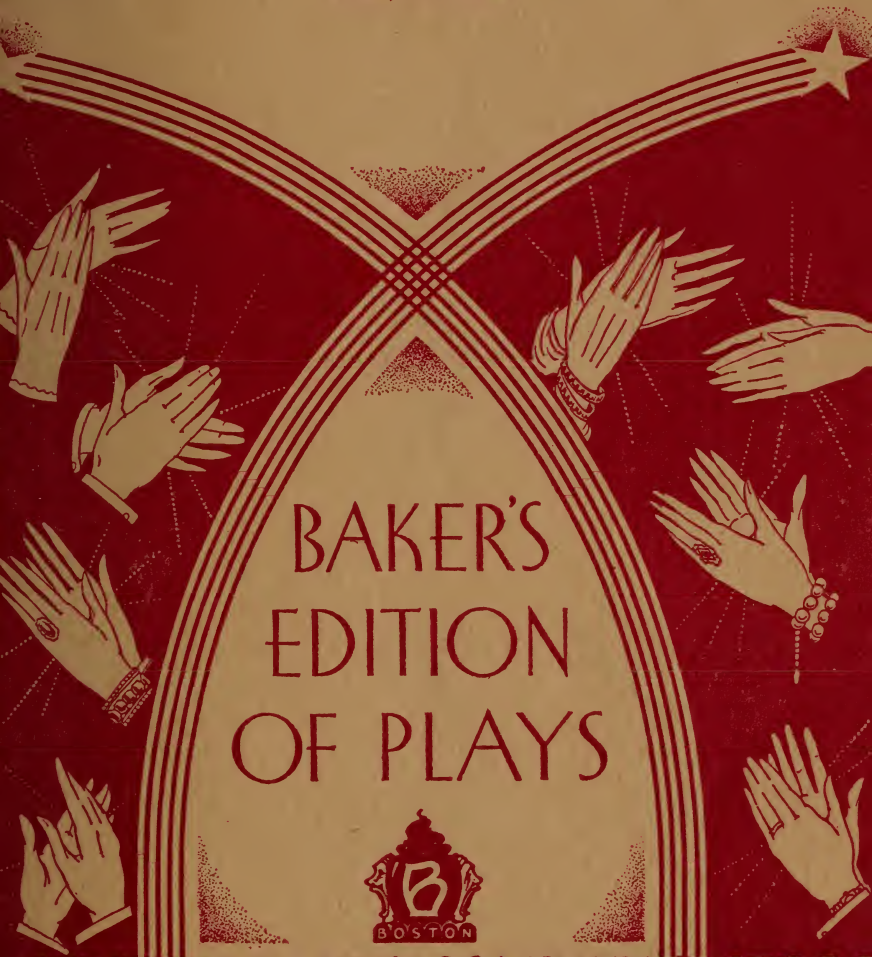
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A Birthday Present for Lincoln

A Play in One Act

By

DOROTHY C. ALLAN

*Author of "Three Wise Men," "Where Lies the Child,"
"About Candlelight Time," etc.*



BOSTON

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A Birthday Present for Lincoln

CHARACTERS

MR. WADE, *a man who understands his son.*

MRS. WADE, *his wife, a semi-invalid.*

VIRGINIA, *the seventeen-year-old daughter, quick of temper and of tongue.*

ROBERT, *the fourteen-year-old son, an admirer of Abraham Lincoln.*

DR. BROWN, *the family physician.*

A THIEF.

THE FIGURE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TIME. Lincoln's Birthday, early evening.

PLACE. The Wade living-room.

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A Birthday Present for Lincoln

SCENE.—*The Wade living-room is plainly but comfortably furnished. The necessary items are a library table at L., with books, papers, and a lamp; somewhere, a telephone; in R. wall, a door, and C. back, a double door with portières partly drawn.*

(*As curtain rises: MR. and MRS. WADE, supper finished, are reading and sewing respectively. The telephone rings.*)

MRS. WADE. Will you answer it, dear?

MR. WADE. (*Detaching himself slowly from the paper*) U-m-m—probably Wilson calling up about that fence. Or Mason to ask about the garage. Or maybe it's one of Ginny's friends.

(*Telephone continues to ring.*)

MRS. WADE. Well, dear—perhaps if you'd answer it —

MR. WADE. (*Laughing*) That's a good idea. Hello.....This is Mr. Wade speaking.....Who?Oh, yes, Miss Anderson. I've heard Robert speak about you.....Yes, glad to. How's he getting on? Been up to any tricks?.....Well, that sounds good.No, I didn't know.....Is that so? Well, well!And he did it all right, eh?.....Yes, his mother'll be glad to hear about it.....Oh, not at all; good of you to call up.....Thanks, I will.....Good-bye. (*Resumes chair and paper.*)

MRS. WADE. Who was it?

MR. WADE. Miss Anderson, Bob's History teacher.

MRS. WADE. What did she want? I thought he was getting along pretty well.

MR. WADE. Say, did he tell you anything about any performance to-day?

MRS. WADE. Performance? Why, no. What kind?

MR. WADE. It seems the History classes staged some kind of bang-up affair in honor of Lincoln's birthday, and from what Miss Anderson says, our son and heir was the center of the stage.

MRS. WADE. Why, how strange he didn't say anything.

MR. WADE. Strange? No; you can't pry anything out of that kid with a crowbar. We'd better not let on Miss Anderson told us, or he'll have it in for her.

MRS. WADE. What was it he did?

MR. WADE. The usual thing, I guess, for Lincoln's Day—recited the Gettysburg Address and something about a captain, I think she said.

MRS. WADE. Yes. "Oh, Captain, My Captain." He's been reciting that lately, but he didn't say what it was for. And, Will, he's formed the funniest habit. I think he's got rather mixed up and thinks that Lincoln was really a captain. At any rate, whenever he makes up his mind to do anything he doesn't like, or when he's finished a hard job, he draws himself up in the funniest little salute and says, "Ay, ay, Captain."

MR. WADE. (*Laughing*) Queer kid!—Why don't you ask him what the idea is?

MRS. WADE. I tried to, once, but—you know how he is—he just shut up and wouldn't say a word. So I haven't tried again.

MR. WADE. That's just as well. Anyhow, Miss Anderson said the wonderful thing about to-day's performance was the way he put his whole heart and soul into it. You know how sentimental these women are.

MRS. WADE. Why, dear!

MR. WADE. (*Gallantly*) I mean these *other* women.

MRS. WADE. Well, I wondered. Yes, Bob seems quite fascinated with Lincoln lately. I've noticed books about him lying around everywhere. I'm not sure that I like

the idea. It's bad enough for Ginny to be always getting crushed, but if Bob's going to start it ——

MR. WADE. Leave the kid alone, Helen. Any boy that's worth anything looks up to someone. It may be his father or it may be the leading prize fighter of the day. I think at his age I was still worshiping the policeman on the beat. I'm only glad Bob's chosen someone fine like Lincoln.

MRS. WADE. I know, but he's so kind of nervous and timid, I don't think he ought to be allowed to mope around so much.

MR. WADE. That timidity gets me. I don't understand it. If I thought that a son of mine was going to be a coward ——

MRS. WADE. He's always been that way, you know, ever since he was a little chap and afraid of going upstairs to bed in the dark. I think he's outgrowing it a little lately.

MR. WADE. I hope so. Well, at any rate, Lincoln can't hurt him; be good for him.—Where is the boy, anyway? Isn't it time he was getting started on his studying?

MRS. WADE. I'll call him. (*Crosses to R. door.*) Bob! Bob, where are you? It's after seven o'clock. (*Voice from outside answers and as MRS. WADE resumes seat, BOB enters, whistling, crosses to table, and gathers books for studying.*) Where were you, dear?

BOB. Up in my room.

MRS. WADE. What were you doing?

BOB. (*Busy with books*) Reading.

MR. WADE. Son, I hope you'll be as economical with money as you are with information. What were you reading?

BOB. Aw, nothing much; a book I just got from the library. It's called "Forever Free."

MRS. WADE. Another one of those western stories?

BOB. Gee, no. It's about Abraham Lincoln; tells all about the Civil War and how he freed the slaves, and it tells about his little boy, Tad, and about a woman spy that tried to spoil Mr. Lincoln's plans. It's a great book—even if it *was* written by a woman.

MR. WADE. Sounds good, but you better start your studying now.

(*Enter VIRGINIA, eating a large piece of cake.*)

VIRGINIA. Anybody seen my English book?

MRS. WADE. No, I don't think so, not unless ——

BOB. (*Rising in wrath*) Sa-a-y! How'd you get that cake? Look, Ma! Look at her ——

VIRGINIA. (*With equal heat*) That's all right! If you'd washed and dried all the dishes like I did ——

MR. WADE. As I did, Ginny.

VIRGINIA. Oh, Daddy, you never! I did them all myself.

MR. WADE. Listen, Ginny—as I did.

VIRGINIA. Oh, I get you now. (*Turning to BOB.*) Well, if you'd done all the dishes *as* I did, maybe you'd get an extra piece of cake.

BOB. Ma, she always has an extra piece. Can I have one to-night?

MR. WADE. (*Over paper*) I thought I saw you eating two at supper.

BOB. Aw, they were teeny little pieces.

VIRGINIA. Like fun they were!

BOB. Ma, can I?

MRS. WADE. (*Hesitating*) I don't think it would be good for you ——

BOB. (*Jumping up and starting for R. door*) 'Twon't hurt me, honest. (*He reaches the door and hesitates.*) Ginny, did you leave the light on in the kitchen?

VIRGINIA. Of course not. Why should I?

BOB. I just thought maybe ——

(*He goes slowly to doorway, lingers, looks around at everyone but they all seem busy, and quietly returns to table.*)

MR. WADE. What's the matter, son?

BOB. (*Shamefacedly*) I guess I don't need another piece.

VIRGINIA. (*Scornfully*) You mean you're afraid to go and get it in the dark.

MRS. WADE. Why, you can snap the light on from the doorway.

BOB. I'm *not* afraid. (*He catches the eye of his father, who has laid down his paper and is looking at him.*) At least,—I guess I'm not afraid. I'm not very hungry, anyhow.

MR. WADE. Bob, when are you going to get over that?

MRS. WADE. Yes, dear, I do wish you'd try —

BOB. Gosh! don't you suppose I try? Do you people think it's any fun to be scared? Do you think it's any fun to have the fellers tease me at school and to have that—that *thing* (*points an angry finger at VIRGINIA*) sit there grinning?

MR. WADE. Virginia! (*She moderates her grin to a superior smile.*) Bob, suppose your mother or sister was in the kitchen right now in some kind of danger, what would you do?

VIRGINIA. I know what he'd do; he'd run.

BOB. (*Slowly*) I don't know, Dad. I—I hope I'd go in and try to help them, but I—don't—know. I never intend to be scared, you know; it just sort of comes over me and I want to go one way, but my legs go the other.

VIRGINIA. You might try going backwards, then you'd get there all right.

MR. WADE. At least, you're honest about it, now, and that's better than trying to bluff.

BOB. (*Brightening*) Mr. Lincoln would like that, wouldn't he? He was honest.

MR. WADE. You bet he would, son. He was honest—and he was brave, too. When he thought a thing was right, he did it, no matter what it cost him. You remember what he said—"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with *firmness in the right*, as God gives us to see the right."

BOB. I think perhaps if I thought he was watching me, I wouldn't be afraid.

VIRGINIA. I tell you, Bob—why don't you carry that

picture around with you, instead of keeping it in your bureau drawer?

MRS. WADE. What picture?

BOB. You shut up!

VIRGINIA. He knows what picture.

MR. WADE. A picture of Lincoln?

VIRGINIA. Yes, and he took my frame to put it in.

BOB. Well, what of it? I guess Mr. Lincoln deserves a frame more than those old movie heroes that you're so crazy about. Gosh, I don't see how you even remember their names.

VIRGINIA. Well, at least they're not as homely as a hedge fence.

BOB. I'd rather have some character in my face than a lot of mush.

MR. WADE. So had I, Bob; so had I. Ginny, how did you know Bob had your frame?

VIRGINIA. Why—well, I went into his room to borrow one of his four-in-hands.

MRS. WADE. Oh, Ginny, how many times have I told you —

BOB. Yah! smarty! I guess if you can *borrow* my neckties and spill soup all over them —

VIRGINIA. I didn't. It was ice-cream.

BOB. —and never return them, I guess I can take your old frame. It's only a tin one, anyway.

VIRGINIA. Well, you can just give it back or pay me for it. If your Mr. Lincoln's so honest, I guess he wouldn't want to be in a *stolen* frame.

(VIRGINIA *has risen, gathered her books, and gone toward rear door.*)

MRS. WADE. Where are you going, Ginny?

VIRGINIA. I told Doris I'd run over and give her the English assignment for to-morrow.

MRS. WADE. Don't stay more than a few minutes. You know how you and Doris are when you get talking.

VIRGINIA. I'll be back in fifteen minutes, sure.

(VIRGINIA *exits, while others go on with their various*

occupations. During the following conversation, BOB takes no part but looks up from time to time from his studying.)

MR. WADE. By the way, Helen, Wayland stopped in to-day and paid that \$500 that he's owed so long.

MRS. WADE. Oh, I'm so glad. You've worried a lot about that bill, haven't you?

MR. WADE. Well, I was counting rather heavily on it for repairs this spring and it did begin to look as if I weren't going to get it.

MRS. WADE. Did you put it in the checking account or the savings?

MR. WADE. Neither. Isn't this just like Wayland? He breezed in about 3:30, when he knew the bank was closed, and planked down five \$100 bills. I didn't dare refuse them for fear I'd never get another chance at them.

MRS. WADE. So you had to put it in the safe for the night?

MR. WADE. No; I told you there was something wrong with the lock and I'm having it fixed.

MRS. WADE. But—then where *did* you put it?

MR. WADE. I had to bring it home with me. I'll take it down to the bank first thing in the morning.

MRS. WADE. Oh, Will, how careless!

MR. WADE. Careless? What else could I do?

MRS. WADE. I know, but I don't like the idea of having so much money in the house over night. Where is it now?

MR. WADE. Now don't start worrying, Helen. It'll be perfectly all right. I've tucked it away in the top drawer of the buffet, behind the silver.

MRS. WADE. Isn't that just like a man! The first place a thief would look.

MR. WADE. Thief? We never have a thief around here. If it'll make you any easier, I'll take it up-stairs with me when we go to bed and put it under my pillow, and sleep with my revolver in one hand.

MRS. WADE. Don't be silly, Will—but it does worry me.

MR. WADE. Don't let it. The doctor said you weren't to worry, you know. And by the way, it's about time we took our walk, isn't it?

MRS. WADE. (*Sighing*) Oh, must I go? I'm rather tired to-night.

MR. WADE. (*Rising*) Doctor's orders—ten minutes every evening, except in stormy weather.

MRS. WADE. Well, you run along and get ready. I just want to finish this hem. It won't take me two minutes. [*Exit MR. WADE by R. door.*]

BOB. Gosh, I never saw anything like this Latin. I wish you or Dad had had it so you could help me.

MRS. WADE. We didn't have all the advantages you're having, Bob.

BOB. Advantages! Gee! Mr. Lincoln never studied Latin, did he, Ma? And look at all he did when he grew up.

MRS. WADE. Why, he had to have Latin, didn't he? He was a lawyer, you know. And whether he had it or not, I'm sure he never fussed when he was being given a chance to learn something. Don't you remember the stories of how, late at night, after he had worked all day, he used to lie in the firelight or by the light of a single candle to read books that he had walked miles to borrow? (*She rises as she speaks.*)

BOB. (*Settling down doggedly*) Well, I don't mind studying, but this Latin certainly gets me. (*Exit MRS. WADE at R. door. Silence for a minute. BOB, slamming the book.*) There, that's done. (*He rises solemnly and lifts his hand to a sort of military salute.*) Ay, ay, Captain! (*Sits again.*) Now for algebra.

(*Enter MR. WADE wearing coat and carrying hat.*)

MR. WADE. Studying most done, Bob?

BOB. Pretty near, all but algebra.—Say, Dad, do you think Abraham Lincoln was ever frightened of anything?

MR. WADE. Of course he was.

BOB. No! Honest, do you think so?

MR. WADE. Any man who isn't frightened in the face

of danger is a fool. The brave man is the one who goes ahead and does what is right even if he is so scared his knees are knocking together. He's the man who refuses to do what he thinks is wrong, no matter how much people criticize him or laugh at him, and that's the kind Lincoln was.

BOB. I never thought of that before. I always thought that to be brave you mustn't ever be scared. Gee, I'm glad you think Lincoln was scared sometimes. Maybe, then, he wouldn't be ashamed of me just because I don't like dark places.

MR. WADE. Not unless you let the fear get the best of you, son. That's when you become a coward.

BOB. (*Thoughtfully*) I wish I'd gone after that cake to-night—you know, I mean even if it hadn't been cake.

MR. WADE. Yes, I know. I wish so, too. Well, better luck next time. You've chosen a fine hero, Bob. (*He lays his hand on boy's shoulder.*) He was honest, as you are, and he was brave, as you're going to be. Don't forget that. (*Enter MRS. WADE in hat and coat.*) We shan't be gone long.

BOB. I'll stay right here and get that algebra done.

MRS. WADE. You don't need this light, do you, Bob?

BOB. (*Starting up*) Oh, I—— (*Determinedly.*) No, this is enough. Sure—this is plenty. (*MR. and MRS. WADE exit, snapping off light and leaving only the lamp at the table where BOB is seated. He works in silence for a minute. BOB, reading from algebra book.*) "My annual income is \$1,000." Gee, that man doesn't get but twice as much in a year as Dad got paid this afternoon.—"If one-fourth of my property is invested at 5%, three-fifths at 4%, and the rest at 6%, find the amount of my property."—Oh, who cares what his property is? (*Stretches, yawns, and looks around room.*) It's mighty dark in here; I guess—— (*Rises and goes to electric light button, but stops as his finger touches it.*) I—will—not! It's plenty light enough. I bet Abraham Lincoln never had any more light than this at night. (*Goes back to table and, standing there, executes again his gesture of salute.*) Ay, ay, Captain! (*Sits down*

complacently and squares his shoulders.) It didn't get me that time. Now then! Let x equal amount of property. Then x over 4 is amount invested at 5%, and $3x$ over 5, amount at 4%, and—oh, heck! One-fourth added to three-fifths is how much? (*As BOB has been working, a young man with coat tightly buttoned and cap pulled down over his eyes has appeared silently between portières in doorway at back stage, stepped in, and as silently crossed the room to R. door. Just as he reaches it and steps through, BOB looks up. Startled, he rises and stands, hands on table, leaning forward, staring at doorway. He speaks in a hurried whisper.*) A thief! A thief—in here! What can I do? If Dad was only here—— The top drawer of the buffet—and he was headed for the dining-room.—I ought to stop him somehow.—I better call a policeman.—He won't get here soon enough.—Five hundred dollars!—He wasn't so very big. (*While speaking, BOB has come cautiously around table and across room to doorway. He peers through, then throws out both hands as if to push something away.*) Oh, I can't! I can't! (*Blindly he turns towards rear door to run away, but there between the portières in a soft glow of light stands the figure of Lincoln. BOB starts back in surprise and relief.*) Mr. Lincoln! Mr. Lincoln! You'll help me? He mustn't escape.—Oh, I can't, sir! I can't! Not this time.—Let me call for help.—No, not that! I—— Yes, sir.—Yes—"With—firmness—in—the—right——" I'll try. (*He straightens to a salute.*) Ay, ay, Captain!

[*Then runs softly to the R. door and exits.*]

(*The figure of LINCOLN disappears. After a minute there is a muffled crash and the THIEF leaps into the room, closely followed by BOB, who hurls himself at the man in a sort of flying tackle which brings them to the floor. The THIEF disentangles himself and aiming one blow at the boy, disappears at rear door. BOB lies still. There is silence for a minute, then the sound of a door being closed, and VIRGINIA appears at rear door.*)

VIRGINIA. Bob, did you know the front door is open? The hall is freezing cold. (*She snaps on the light and sees the still figure on the floor.*) Well, of all places to take a nap. Say, kid, wake up! (*She kneels and shakes him gently.*) Bob, listen—I'm talking to you. (*Her voice assumes a frightened note.*) Bob! Bob! Oh, what is the matter? (*She springs to her feet in horror as MR. and MRS. WADE appear in doorway.*) He's dead!

MRS. WADE. Ginny, what are you saying?

MR. WADE. What has happened?

VIRGINIA. (*Excitedly*) I came home and found the front door open and Bob lying here.

MR. WADE. (*As wife flutters helplessly around*) Here, Helen, sit down here.—Ginny, Dr. Brown went in next door as we came by. Get him right over here. (*Exit VIRGINIA.*) Helen, get hold of yourself. You may need all your strength later. (*He has knelt by BOB and is feeling of his heart.*) He's all right; heart's pumping fine.

MRS. WADE. Oh, Will, are you sure?

MR. WADE. Sure. I don't know what happened, but I'll bet on Bob to come out of it all right. He's tough, you know. I'm going to get him up-stairs on the bed before Brown gets here.

MRS. WADE. (*Rising*) Let me come, too.

MR. WADE. Listen! You remember what the doctor said about your heart? (*MRS. WADE nods.*) Well, then,—I don't want to carry two of you up-stairs.

MRS. WADE. But you'll call me if ——

MR. WADE. I'll call you if there's anything you can do. [*Exit MR. WADE, R., carrying BOB.*]

(*MRS. WADE sits, restlessly drumming on table. Voices outside, and VIRGINIA enters with DR. BROWN.*)

VIRGINIA. Oh, I'm so glad you hadn't gone yet. He was lying right here and he wouldn't move or open his eyes, or anything.

DR. BROWN. (*Shaking hands*) Good-evening, Mrs. Wade. Glad you're staying down here sensibly.

MRS. WADE. Oh, Doctor, don't you think it would be better if I were with him?

DR. BROWN. Can't tell till I see him. (*He has put hat and coat on a chair and starts for R. door, VIRGINIA following.*) No. Stay here with your mother, Virginia. I know the way up.

VIRGINIA. (*Running to MRS. WADE as DOCTOR exits*) Oh, Mother, he won't die, will he?

MRS. WADE. I hope not, dear. (*VIRGINIA begins crying.*) Of course not; he'll be all right. He probably just tripped on something and knocked his head. Don't, dear, he'll be all right pretty soon and we can go up and see him. I'm going out in the pantry a minute. I'll be right back.

VIRGINIA. (*In muffled voice*) All right.

(*As MRS. WADE exits, VIRGINIA, still partly crying, hurries to table and opening a drawer, takes from the back of it an oblong, flat package in tissue paper. She carefully unwraps it and is looking at it and wiping her eyes as MRS. WADE reappears, carrying a plate with a large piece of cake.*)

MRS. WADE. What have you there, Ginny? (*As VIRGINIA still continues looking, she crosses to table and sets down the plate.*) Why, what is it—a picture frame? (*VIRGINIA nods.*) What a beautiful one, dear. Where did you get it?

VIRGINIA. (*Still gulping down tears*) It's all silver. I bought it. I've been saving up from my allowance for a long time. I wanted it for—you know.

MRS. WADE. You mean that tall, dark one with the mustache?

VIRGINIA. (*Scornfully*) Oh, Mother! that was over weeks ago. But anyhow, I'm going to give it to Bob.

MRS. WADE. For his picture of Abraham Lincoln?

VIRGINIA. (*Nodding and on the verge of tears again*) I wish I hadn't told him he stole my frame.

MRS. WADE. I don't believe he minded. He didn't say anything.

VIRGINIA. He did, too, mind. Bob's so honest, I knew it would hurt him. That's why I said it.

MRS. WADE. Oh, Ginny! You shouldn't.

VIRGINIA. Well, don't I know it? (*She notices the cake.*) What's that for?

MRS. WADE. (*Shamefacedly*) I thought maybe if he wasn't badly hurt, he might like a piece. I wish I'd got it for him this evening when he wanted it.

(DR. BROWN *appears in the doorway.*)

MRS. WADE. (*Anxiously hurrying towards him*) Doctor! how is he?

DR. BROWN (*beaming*). He's come around fine. I left him sitting up and asking for his algebra book. But you'd better keep him home from school for a day or two. Can't be sure just how much of a shock he's had.

MRS. WADE. What do you think happened?

DR. BROWN. Don't know; the kid's a regular clam. He wouldn't say much of anything, but it's clear that he had a pretty stiff blow. Perhaps his father can worm the facts out of him.

VIRGINIA. Please, can we go up now?

DR. BROWN. Yes, run along, both of you. (*He grins as they start off, armed with the cake and the picture frame.*) What is this, a surprise party?

MRS. WADE. Well, we thought ——

VIRGINIA. Yes, it's just ——

DR. BROWN. (*Laughing*) I see. I see. That's all right. (*Calling after them.*) But I wouldn't give him much of that cake, Mrs. Wade. Save it for to-morrow.

(*The DOCTOR alone, gets into his coat, and takes his hat and bag, muttering to himself, "Lucky escape, lucky escape. A little higher up, and ——"* MR. WADE *enters.*)

MR. WADE. By thunder, Doctor, I'm proud of that boy!

DR. BROWN. He told you about it?

MR. WADE. Yes. Seems there was a thief in here and Bob tackled him to save \$500 for me. Dashed into the dark after him—and you know how scared the kid's always been.

DR. BROWN. And did he save it?

MR. WADE. (*Smiling*) Well, he didn't know I had it right in here. (*Tapping his breast pocket.*) Helen made such a fuss about it that when we went out, I took it with me.

DR. BROWN. Anything else missing?

MR. WADE. I can't see anything. I've just looked around and I rather suspect it was some poor fellow after a bite to eat. The ice box door was open. But I don't see any sense in telling Bob that or that the money wasn't in the house.

DR. BROWN. He's a fine little fellow, Wade; wish I had one like him. I think he was wandering a little when he first came to. Just after you stepped out of the room he opened his eyes and insisted right away on sitting up straight and saluting. He said something that sounded like "Ay, ay, Captain." Maybe I didn't get it right.

MR. WADE. (*Laughing*) Yes, that was right. It's a sort of formula of his, lately. Well—(*shaking hands*) glad you were so handy, Doctor.

DR. BROWN. Good-night. Call me up if everything isn't all right.

MR. WADE. I will. Good-night. (*As DOCTOR exits, MR. WADE turns and walks to table, where he stands looking down at BOB's books.*) Poor little chap! Wanted to save my \$500 for me—I ought to say, lucky little chap. He's won a big battle to-night—thanks to his hero. Abraham Lincoln would be glad if he knew. Why, bless me, if it isn't a sort of birthday present for Lincoln! (*He starts for R. door, chuckling with pleasure at his idea.*) I'll have to tell him that—a birthday present for Lincoln.

CURTAIN

Ten Days Before the Wedding

A Play for Female Characters in Three Acts

By Lindsey Barbee

Mrs. Corey, wishing to give her daughter's wedding a proper setting, leaves her city apartment and rents a charming country home about which there are many weird traditions, including those of restless ghosts and mysterious disappearances. There is a village legend which declares that the spell which now rests on the house and which has resulted in a number of misfortunes to the family, cannot be lifted until another disappearance is recorded. Ten days before the wedding, Mrs. Corey, her two daughters, a friend and a niece are gathered together and while the final plans are being formulated and the family machinery is being adjusted by the advent of a new butler and a private secretary, Nancy, the bride, mysteriously disappears. From that time on to the unexpected dénouement, one inexplicable event follows another. Strange occurrences on the third floor, which the owner has locked and reserved, lead to baffling investigations and finally result in a disclosure of startling effect. The final adjustment of the tangled threads shows that Nancy, finding the butler to be in reality her lover of some months past, who she feared had forgotten her, masquerades as the secretary, marries the man of her choice and leaves her cousin, Elaine, to elope with the groom elect who has always been in love with her. All of this happens ten days before the wedding.

CHARACTERS

Francena, a manicurist.
Madge Corey, Nancy's young sister.
Elaine West, Mrs. Corey's niece.
Julie Jarvis, the maid of honor.
Nancy Corey, the bride.
Mrs. Corey, the bride's mother.
Marie, a maid.
Mrs. Gray, the housekeeper.
Miss Burns, the secretary.
Olivia Ogilvy, a writer.

TIME: The Present.

PLACE: A fashionable summer colony.

ACT I. Late afternoon and evening of an autumn day.

ACT II. Directly after dinner.

ACT III. Midnight.

TIME OF PLAYING: Approximately two hours.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

It Happened in June

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Eugene G. Hafer

Four Men

Five Women

One Interior Set

Here is a play written by the author of "Take My Advice," that most dramatic clubs, churches and schools will welcome with open arms. It is a scrupulously clean comedy with snappy dialogue, brisk action, and an unusually interesting story. The action leads to a strong climax in each act. If you like comedy, you will find it in abundance, relieved by an occasional touch of pathos. Charlie Atkins is sent by an irate parent to the little village of Shady Grove to be kept out of mischief and tamed down. Incidentally an uncle, who owns a large chain of grocery stores, delegates him to force a rival store in the village, the Shady Grove Store, out of business. Charlie arrives in the village, meets Betty Branson and promptly falls in love with her. Imagine his discomfiture when he learns that Betty is the girl delegated to superintend the taming. Then to his horrified dismay he finds that Betty owns the Shady Grove Store—the store he has been sent to force out of business. Charlie and Betty are fine leads. You'll laugh at energetic Randy and coy Susie's love affairs; you'll roar at lazy old Jim Pritchett's attempts to court Mollie Jessop, cook for the Bransons. You'll cordially hate old Jarvis Sneed, and you'll promptly take impish little Nell Crundel right into your heart.

CHARACTERS

Betty Branson, pretty, young, owner of the Shady Grove Store.

Susie Crundel, Betty's best friend and nearest neighbor.

Nell Crundel, Susie's sixteen-year-old sister.

Mollie Jessop, cook for the Bransons.

Evalina Scroggs, homeliest girl in the village.

Charles Atkins, a young visitor in Shady Grove.

Randy Stewart, his friend, who sells insurance.

Jim Pritchett, a village character with nothing to do in particular.

Jarvis Sneed, the meanest man in the county and president of Shady Grove Bank.

SCENE: Living-room in the Branson home in the village of Shady Grove.

TIME: The present. Summer months.

Royalty Only Ten Dollars

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

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A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR LINCOLN, A PLAY I



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